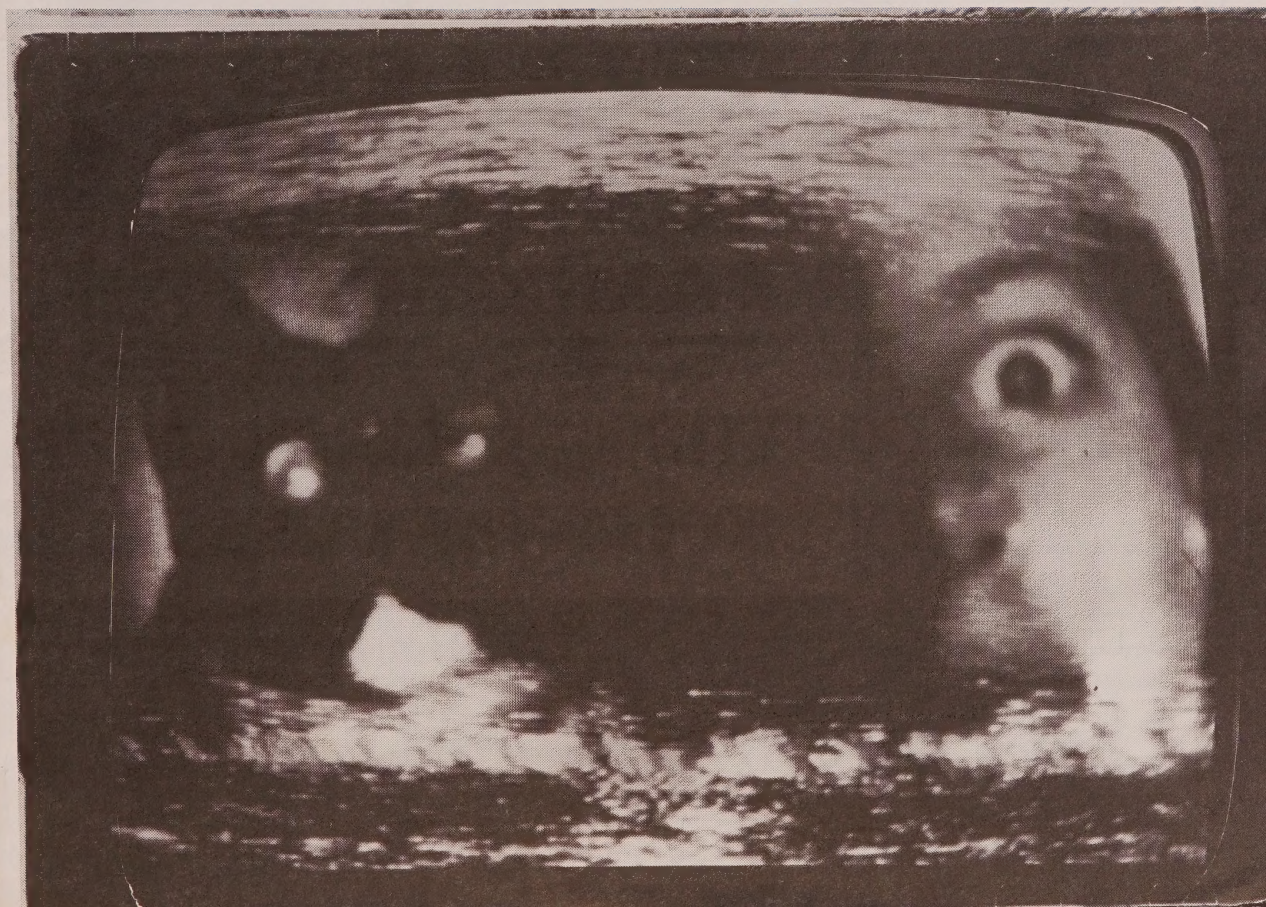
KTSB 91.7 Cable FM
UT Student Radio
Vol.4, No. 2
Mid-Spring 1991

Trance Records
Don't Mean Maybe
Bouffant Jellyfish
The Hip Hop Express
and your mother



CALL LETTER

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THE CALL LETTER is published sporadically by KTSB UT Student Radio, c/o Texas Student Publications, P.O. Box D, Austin, TX 78713. Comments, submissions, sex toys, and Mardi Gras beads should be sent to the above address. ©1991 KTSB UT Student Radio.

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GREAT PLACES TO HEAR KTSB:

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(3rd floor of UGL)

JOIN THE LIST
CALL 471-5106

ALSO: Ask for KTSB at
Waterloo Ice House
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KTSB TOP 39

1. BUTTHOLE SURFERS/hurdy gurdy man
2. BUFFALO TOM/birdbrain
3. NINE INCH NAILS/sin
4. PAIN TEENS/born in blood
5. V/A/holland rocks
6. SHOULDERS/love is my crime
7. WANNABEES/lucky pierre
8. BIG DRILL CAR/small block ep
9. COCTEAU TWINS/heaven or las vegas
10. BAD MUTHA GOOSE/bad mutha goose
11. GANG OF FOUR/brief history of the 20th century
12. GALAXIE 500/this is our music
13. RIDE/nowhere
14. 700 WATER ST./black fish gone awry
15. BALLOONATIC/balloonatic
16. ROBERT JOHNSON/the complete record ings
17 YO LA TENGO/here comes my baby
18. LL COOL J/mama said knock u out
19. V/A/bebop revolution
20. AMBITIOUS LOVERS/lust
21. JONATHON RICHMAN/jonathon goes country
22. MICHAEL HALL/quarter to three
23. TEXAS TORNADOES/texas tornadoes
24. MR. T EXPERIENCE/making things with light
25. NAKED RAYGUN/raygun
26. VANILLA TRAINWRECK/galvanized
27. WEEN/god ween satan
28. THE MEATMEN/crippled children suck
29. VICTIM'S FAMILY/white bread blues
30. ED'S REDEEMING QUALITIES/more bad times
31. AFGHAN WHIGS/afghan whigs
32. ALICE DONUT/mule
33. BLAKE BABIES/sunburn
34. HINDU LOVE GODS/hindu love gods
35. MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO/psyche-out
36. TRIP SHAKESPEARE/snow days
37. SOUL ASYLUM/...and the horse they rode in on
38. DANIELLE DAX/blast the human flower
39. POP WILL EAT ITSELF/cure for sanity

OUR SECOND LETTER!

Dear Call Letter,

How about some unsolicited criticism and feedback?

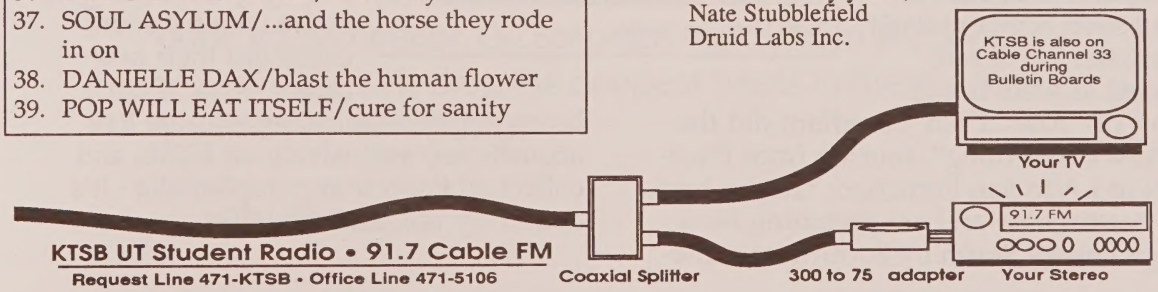
What a little clubhouse! You acid-sucking, X-gobbling, art rock effetes. What is it with you folks annyway? Why is it that so many of your DJ's don't seem to know anything about music except for deservedly obscure artists on even more desevedly obscure labels. Jacques Cousteau's Daughters, the Sugarlumps, Joe Division and stuff like that on Molehill Records. Where is the good stuff? You know, great blues and old R&B, jazz that never gets heard in a world full of Winston Marsupial, weird country and western, folk, and doo wop. But Noooo! All we get is Ego and the Bunnymen and Wall of Doo Doo. You guys are as stultified and boring as the commercial radio you bitch about so convicingly. I thought you were going to do something interesting, but all it seems you are doing is providing a place where people with modern haircuts and a drum machine can sell their records.

I think you ought to spend al little more time worrying about substance than style and spend more time finding the great music and spoken word than finding the adequate track on the Texas Instruments LP. I mean what about somebody like Rodney Crowell or Ry Cooder? Only the best in the world, yet commercial radio won't play them and neither will you. This sucks! Oh, sorry. If it doesn't wear black and adhere to the "new music philosophy" then KTSB can't play that. Hell, even stodgy old KUT is more adventurous than you are. They at least have good taste (usually), and their announcers don't giggle, stutter, or whisper to each other when the microphone is on.

On the other hand, your news sounds pretty good, and I like the specialty shows, especially the [Rebel Music show] and [the head explosion on Friday nights.

I bet you don't print this.

Most sincerely yours,
Nate Stubblefield
Druid Labs Inc.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A BAND TO BE DISHED BY

A LOOK AT THE GNU BOUFFANT JELLYFISH
BY KING PENIS

They've been playing for one and a half years, but it all changed on November 17th, 1990. They took the stage as "Pooh Butt" at a local party (which was attended by 500-700 people) and have been on a relentless attack on our interest ever since. Their new lead singer, George Mack, passed his first test that night, and judging by the crowd at all their gigs since, he continues to prove why Bouffant Jellyfish is one of Austin's best bands, and why they will make a record label extremely happy when it discovers the talent and potential Bouffant has to offer to a national audience.

Rob Gray on banjo

Bouffant Jellyfish have just released a new seven-song cassette entitled "Also...Dish". Their last two cassettes have been quick movers into KTSB's Top 10, both reaching an extended number 1 position, and the new one will soon acquaint itself with the top of our charts as well. In support of "Also...Dish", Bouffant did the "West Coast thing", touring from Phoenix to LA to San Francisco. They're back in Austin now and are preparing for a high energy South by Southwest showcase at the Texas Union Ballroom, along with Sprawl, from Houston; and Goodfoot, from Denton. After SXSW, they'll be playing around the Southwest to support and push their new tape.

If you're not familiar with Bouffant Jellyfish, or haven't yet ventured out to hear the "new" sound, they mix elements of metal and funk, along with spurts of rap and even country (check out Rob Gray's banjo attack on "Also...Dish"). They've got an incredible amount of energy and a very positive attitude (both helped along by the addition of George). They're looking to sign with a strong independent label that both respects their musical creativity and has a pervasive distribution system in place.

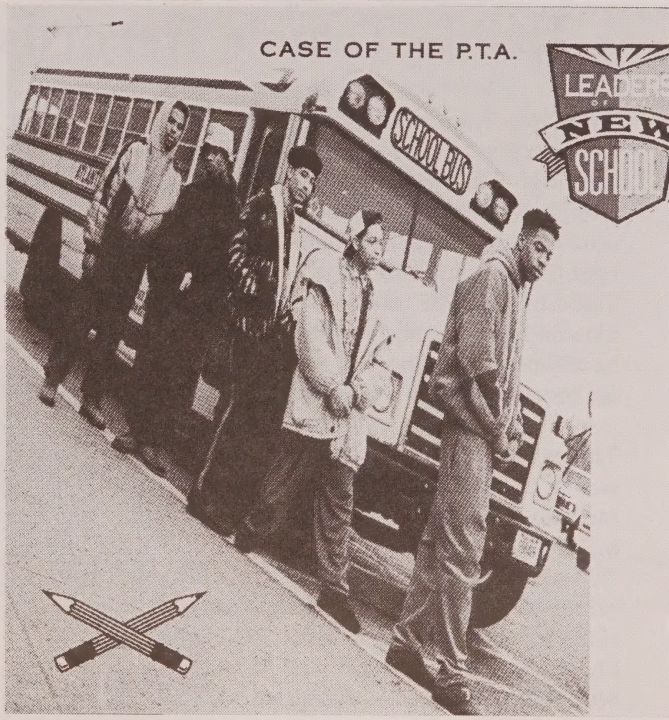
My advice is to see them while you can - they may be touring the entire country soon; check out their new tape - "Also...Dish"; listen to them (including a future live acoustic set) exclusively on KTSB; and collect all Pooh Butt paraphenalia - it's extremely rare and valuable!

HIP HOP EXPRESS

1.	Monie Love	It's a Shame
2.	Brand Nubians	All For One
3.	DOC	Mind Blown
4.	LL Cool J	Around the Way Girl
5.	Ice T	New Jack Hustler
6.	Eric B. and Rakim	Mahogany Remix
7.	Too Short	Short But Funky Remix
8.	EPMD	Give the People
9.	Teddy Lee	We Fight Every Night
10.	Big Daddy Kane	Mr. Pitiful
11.	K-Solo	Fugitive
12.	Intelligent Hoodlum	Back to Reality
13.	X-Clan	Grand Verbalizer
14.	D-Nice	Tr808
15.	Ice Cube	Endangered Species

Pick Hit:

Leaders of the New School



With my extended vacation from the station over with, I would like to extend my genuine thanks to those who were insightful enough to recognize a need for hip hop at KTSB. With the words "Austin's Alternative" being used as one of our primary slogans, it is only appropriate that an ever expanding musical genre be represented in an accurate manner. Hip hop is more than just a type of music-it is a feel and style that possesses its own character and outward demeanor. On Saturday nights from 9-11pm, we will definitely drop the deepest beats in the industry. Believe Dat! 5000!

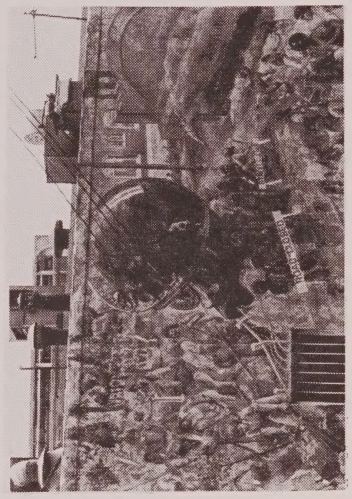
DJ Chuck O

KING OF TRANCE

Inside Trance Records by John Spiller

Since 1980 Trance Records has been a gleam in King Coffey's eye. In 1980 Coffey drummed for the Hugh Beaumont Experience (whose claim to fame, unfortunately, is that their only single now fetches $200 at record conventions.) In 1982 Coffey joined some group named the BUTTHOLE SURFERS and placed the record label idea on a back burner while he toured almost incessantly for several years.

Trance remained on the back burner until 1989, when King ran into the demented experimental rock group Crust. "Crust made me want to get off my butt!" He was especially impressed by their willingness to tour the west coast with no record behind them, living off T-shirt and cassette sales. Trance made its formal debut in May of 1990 when its first Lp, Sacred Heart of Crust, hit the record stores.



portrait of the Pain Teens

The second release, Love and Napalm, featured a melange of twisted Texas music. Austin was well represented by the heathen jabbering of ED Hall and bowel-amented Crust. Houston weighed in with tormented rock/noise sounds of the Pain Teens. The reclusive psych rock of Lithium Xmas rounded out the set. Love and Napalm triggered a comparison to an earlier Texas-based label.

In the mid-1960's Leland Rogers bought out a small Houston-based record label called International artists. Before it went out of business in the 1970's IA had firmly established a reputation for putting out some of the most gone sounds of the 60's. The twelve IA Lp's covered a wide range of styles, from the near-metal rock of Bubble puppy, and the blues of Lightnin' Hopkins and Dave Allen, through the flared excesses of the Golden Dawn and Lost and Found, to the proto-industrial noise of the Red Krayola and the first psychedelic band the 13th floor Elevators. Each of these artists share one trait—they were all from Texas.

What parallels does King see between Trance and IA? "It would be ludicrous and pretentious to think they are parallels. IA is my dream label....If there are parallels its only in the sense that we're both Texas oriented."

Development of the Texas music scene seems to underlie the whole purpose of Trance. King points to such major independent labels as SubPop and Touch and Go as labels who helped foster the northwest and midwest scenes respectively. Although he does not expect to promote a "Trance" sound, he wouldn't mind adding to Texas' already existing musical aura. "Texas has a reputation for weirdeness, I like that. It's better than being known as the state that puts out the gnarliest bands!"

Texas provides fertile ground for weirdness (bordom and heat), unfortunately, it is also far from major record centers such as Los Angeles and the east coast. "There's a whole lotta good bands in Texas whose chances of geting a deal are slight.... It's much easier to send a tape to some one in your hometown." King seems

proudest of the fact that Trance has already received demo tapes from several local bands, a trend he hopes continues. "Bands draw encouragement thinking, 'hey, we can cut a record with these people!' "

While he wants Trance to present Texas in a first class way, he wants to avoid some of the disturbing trends established by other indie labels. "I was really embarrassed by the way I presented 'Love and Napalm'. I'm doing the record a real disservice by screaming 'limited' and 'collector' and 'colored vinyl' every chance I get." He also criticizes labels who print their material in such limited quantities that they virtually ensure the products will multiply in value on the collectors market. "I would be doing a real disservice to the band by not having the record availible to people who want it."

If King had a label he would emulate, it would be the chicago based Touch and Go records(who not coincidentally distributes Trance's records nationally.) "Touch and Go is really a band's label. They are really good about pushing the records and making sure its availible to the press and radio stations."

In fact, Touch and Go threw out a life belt to Trance while King was learning the ugly reality of running a label. " Initially when I was putting out the Crust record, I was going to sink my savings into the record and get Trance rolling. Before I knew it , all my savings was tied up in the Crust EP, and I would have had to wait until I got my money back from distributors before I could do anything else. So there I was left high and dry on the beach and T & G came to the rescue. Actually It's worked out to be a better deal because they make sure the records get good national distribution. With out T & G, there probably wouldn't be a Trance!"

One beneficiary of T & G's excellent promotion are the Pain Teens. In many ways this Houston band symbolizes the rewards of persistence. Despite nine homemade cassettes and two albums on their own record label, Anomie, the Pain Teens remained largely unknown outside of Texas. However their stature changed with their buttdrench Lp Born in Blood . Thanks to T & G's vast network, Born in Blood, where it received rave reviews from Savage Pencil in NME. Likewise in the U.S. the album has garnered unanimously favorable reviews, Which as king notes, is veritably unknown for any record.

King has a number of future Trance releases planned. By April expect to see a new self-titled Lp by Crust, as well as a single containing their showstopper cover of "FEELINGS". Love and Napalm 2 likely will be a summer release, although the line up has not been finalized. Look out for a new Ed Hall 7" and Lp also within the year. Add to this the newly released 7" by Drain (a collaboration between King and ex-Hugh Beaumont, ex-squid David McCreath) and Trance should be making a big splash in months to come.

King also hinted at the possibility of a Trance TV, using a satellite dish to scan the skies for the best in world Television, Trance TV would present a melange of Pain Teens Commercials, Japanese body piercing, Crust videos, etc. For now, King seems content to punish our eardrums.

not King

DON'T MEAN BANANAS

an ethnographic look at Don't Mean Maybe

by Naomi Shapiro and Jennifer Newton

Don't Mean Maybe got a new drummer a few months back so we went out to beautiful Orange County, California (home of Doctor Dream Records) to groove on their new sound. Being rather fond of Jeff Fairbanks, DMM's former drummer, we were a bit apprehensive about hearing a brand new drummer, but our minds were eased when we learned that Ron Sloan was in the original lineup. The new DMM is harder-edged and has been proven to prevent tooth decay.

Perhaps the keenest insight to the DMM way of life came with the family gathering at the home of Mark Andrea, gruff-voiced chanteur et guitarist. Watching Mark and lanky bassist John "Thorne" Hawthorne dance around the living room with inebriated relatives brought light to...well, something.Everybody got schnockered, so we piled into the family van for a trip to the bowling alley. We played a few games of Michael Jackson's Moonwalker before the place closed and we headed for the recording studio; which, incidentally, is called For the Record - not to be confused with KTSB's interview show of the same name.

The walls of the studio were lined with Doctor Dream-o-rama: posters of National People's Gang, Imagining Yellow Suns, the Swamp Zombies, Eggplant...and in the back, overdubbing guitar parts, the Cadillac Tramps (referred to by one critic as "Los Lobos from Hell").

A few days later, we attended a real-life DMM rehearsal session, where we met Ron. It was love at first sight...the way he pounded those drums, and all of those shiny cymbals crashing...it was obvious that bonding had indeed occurred, and that DMM was destined to rise and conquer.

REVIEWS

by John Spiller

Barbara Manning
"Don't Let It Bring You Down"(Forced Exposure)
First solo outing for the former lead singer of 28th Day and World of Pooh. While with these groups, Manning drew comparisons to the likes of Sandy Denny (Strawbs, Fairport Convention, Fatheringay), Kendra Smith (Dream Syndicate, Opal), and Karen Carpenter (whose "Drusilla Penny" Manning covered on a 45 for Bananafish). Not surprisingly, Manning's vocals provide the focus of this 45. "Don't Let It Bring You Down" recalls Fairport Convention at their more ethereal folk moments. "Haze is Free" explores the Beat Happening/Opal stripped down melodic rock axis.

Fetish 69
Pig Blood!/Hellville U.S.A.(Project A-Bomb)
The same country that gave us Arnold Schwarzenegger now spawns the equally pernicious Fetish 69. The shorthand description of this group could be "Michael Gerard of Killdozer fronts Helmet playing King Snake Roost." Fetish 69 features Christian Fetish's deep-chested raucous growl emerging from a root hog mean guitar/bass throb. If you need a further clue into the nature of this group, A-Bomb records is run by Tom Greenwood, who is Tom Hazelmeyer's right-hand man at Amphetamine-Reptile

Flesheaters
Dragstrip Riot (SST)
Older, but not wiser; scarred but not smarter; soberer, but no less intense, after eight years, the Flesheaters are back. Usually a reunion that features only one member of the original group would not be cause for celebration. Fortunately, in this case, the one member is Chris D., who constitutes the essence of the Flesheaters. Remarkably, this 2-LP set picks up where the Flesheaters left off nearly a decade ago. Naturally, Chris D.'s febrile crooning/screaming voice stands out like a tarantula on angel's food. Likewise, he continues to use the sex/death/violence metaphors coupled with the greasy miasma of pulp fiction. Purists may tell you that the remakes of "Agony Shorthand" and "Buried Treasure" do not approach the originals, who cares? Dragstrip Riot is prime scurch and deserves a listen. With the wealth of incredible bands in LA in the early 80's (e.g. Black Flag, Germs, X, Circle Jerks, Fear, etc.), certain bands like the Flesheaters were unfairly overlooked. Dragstrip Riot and the newly-released Prehistoric Hits (previously unreleased Flesheater performances) should spark a much deserved Flesheater revival.

From the Mouths of Babes Comes...DJ Buggin' Out (aka Robert Ovetz)

"Freedom of Speech/Just watch what you say" - Ice T

Censorship can take extreme forms such as in the coverage of the Gulf War, or more subtle tones at KTSB. While overt pulling or banning of music by the Station Manager (SM), John Curvan, and the TSP-appointed Broadcast Supervisor (BS), Andrea Morrow, does occur at the station, it is overshadowed by the indirect control held over us by the Texas Student Publications Board of Trustees (TSP).

The indirect control TSP wields over the station is even more insidious. TSP controls all of our money. They refuse to allow us to hold receipts from our own fund-raisers (we have to turn them in the next morning), we can't give our t-shirts to bands without first having to pay the full price (including the markup) ourselves, and we are prohibited from having petty cash on hand and need invoices for every last purchase. Only about $10,000 out of our roughly $60,000 budget ($11,000 of which we have to raise ourselves) actually goes toward paying for day-to-day needs, not including salaries. While we pay the non-student BS almost $30,000 in salary and benefits, only $600 is available to buy records not sent to us by labels (which is almost anything before 1987) and a few hundred dollars for equipment repairs. As TSP holds the checkbook, the staff has to put up with broken mics and knobs, inadequate equipment to organize live sets, and our twenty year old reel-to-reel machines breaking down and bringing the production department to a halt.

OVETZ

TSP has been able to carry a lot of power over the station without actually being there. This occurs not only through their control of our money, but also through the BS, who holds a wide-ranging authority to dictate content, "fire" staff, and control organizational decision making. The current BS, lacking any experience in non-commercial or student experimental radio. She meets every new idea with the eternal question: "Can we sell it?", ignoring the fact that student radio is not about shameless commercialism, but experimentation and creativity.

Most importantly, TSP's self-selection of the Station Manager remains a main impediment to KTSB becoming a truly "student-run" radio station. For more than a year, the staff has mounted a campaign to have input into the selection process. Last year, a petition submitted to the board opposing their unilateral selection of the SM was rejected offhand in favor of forming a committee to "study" the problem. Apparently, our concern over the selection of the station manager is a high priority, since they waited a year to begin "studying" the matter.

Our staff, suggesting the right to elect it's own Station Manager, was rebuked by the committee and the SM in mid-February as "uncompromising" for demanding a little democracy-the right to elect our own Station Manager. One of their main objections is that if KTSB chose our own SM, then all of the TSP entities (e.g. Utmost, The Daily Texan) would want to choose their own. A friend might has well have been on the staff when he observed that "if elections were so dangerous, they'd be outlawed." This is what I call the aluminum law of TSP. Yet, it has not prevented us from currently organizing our own independent, staff-wide election of the next SM that is in the works (although as I write, the SM is trying to derail it by presenting his own alternative plan: keep it the way it is but call it something else).

While we read of college radio becoming the minor league of the music business as it veers from its original mission to provide experimental music and information, the staff of KTSB are fighting for control over our own station. Started entirely by students, KTSB is now almost fully controlled by TSP through these indirect means. Aside from the threat of FCC and PMRC censorship, KTSB faces an additional struggle against TSP: to put the station back into the hands of students. Otherwise, even if UT beats out KOOP Radio in the May comparative hearing for the FCC license, KTSB still won't be a "student-run" radio station. It will be yet another "entity" of TSP.

Buggin' Out holds a UT record for pummeling four UT cops while actually lying on his stomach and being choked by a police baton with 5 cops on his back. Oh yes...and he has also written an in-depth pamphlet on KTSB, part of which was published in the February Polemicist, and does the "Rebel Music" show every Tuesday 10-11pm. This article in no way reflects the opinions of KTSB, TSP, UT, the CIA, FBI, or UTPD.

DO NOT READ THIS

DR can equal Doctor and does
DR=DR LOVE
ST can equal Street but does not
ST=ST PATRICK

ST: The rules of the game are: You don't think (or not too much, anyway) about what you're saying.

DR: Pretty sneaky, sis...How'd you make Grandma go senile?

ST: Like that, for instance-complete and utter self-congratulatory senility gone 100% over into Ben Johnson steroids.

DR: Baby powder, I must agree, resembles fine Peruvian cocaine when shot dead with an 8mm camera.

ST: And the power of modern dentistry, practiced by those lucky white-frocked and bespectacled individuals who kill themselves not, is quite a ludicrous Shakespeare of a prank.

DR: Hamburger Helper, when you need a helping hand, will rape you in a totally non-offensive way that is reminiscent of a 165mm gopher claw.

ST: But wait! Hark, park, and Harold sings! We see a moment of undiluted lucidity—no, false alarm.

DR: Hurricane Annie swept me up and twirled my hair, just like in junior high, when they used to flush my Quaaludes down the sink.

ST: But thankfully, I, meaning that contemplative individual who I now happen to be—or who thinks he happens now to be—had a gym teacher who combed over his immense bald spot just enough to make it obvious to all of us. Didn't we all have one?

DR: And yes, I watched in fascination like a vampire bat whose shadow revealed not only her sexual orientation, but her vanity as well.

ST: Naturally, ladies and Herren, we both point north, if you really must ask.

DR: At the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis, unruly young boys become disciplined killing platypuses.

ST: Wait; is that the proper plural?

DR: Or is it the perfect passive?

Catch this (a 110 mph fastball) witty banter and every genre of music imaginable by God on Saturday 2-4pm,

Another EDITORIAL by Yongi Trent

"Hey, yeah my life has come unraveled again"
-Danny Elfman

First things first, for those of you who are too damn STUPID to figure out that my last column was entirely editorial, IT WAS! And so is this one you tiny-brainded mammals. Nothing I am saying here, there, or anywhere is purely me, and has nothing to do with KTSB's official anything. So quit yer whining and don't read the rest of this if you're easily offended.

The war is over, America is great again, and George is now God. The cult of the New World Order has begun. Count me out. See, the thing is , I don't trust Groups of any kind. I flat out hate organizations gathered together under one concept. Put me in a room full of like-minded morons and I go berzerk. I'll quite happily argue whatever the point may be just to get a reaction, I'm what's called a "Black Irishman," which is basically someone who doesn't believe in anything except booze and trouble, two things I HIGHLY reccommend to all of you complacent, safety-oriented schmucks out there pretending to be hip 'n' in.

Anger is perfectly valid motivation for anything you do, except when it actually hurts someone else. Then there is no justification. Actually, any emotion at all is good enough reason to do/say absolutely anything that crosses your mind. Problem is, most people these days don't feel any emotin whatsoever, they just switch on in the morning like freakin' robots and run through the motions of the day and then switch off. That's what I'm doing here, tryin' to make you sleeping bastards feel something, not mere endangerment of your safe little nook, but an actual sense of something, I don't care what.

There was a streaker on the west mall on the 1st of March. I need to buy that guy a beer, 'cos HE felt soething strong enough to commit to an action that's considered evil. What the hell is wrong with being naked? You say that you didn't want to see some guy sprinting by you all hangin'-out like. Maybe I don't want to see girls withe big stupid bows in their hair, I can't stop 'em. Oooooh, but streaking is imoral....so is wearing some damn piece of cloth so big that no one can see how absolutely gorgeous your hair is.

Anyway, I'm not here to make much sense, at least not to idiots like you. I know what I'm saying, and if you'd give up your ridiculous poses and security blankets you might just get up your freakin' point. LIve, damn it, live. There's time for dyin' later on. You'll be secure when you're dead, but who the hell cares? You're dead now anyway, and boring to boot.

lookin' for something
Yongi

TRANCE RECORDS/KTSB PRESENT

LOVE & NAPALM – LIVE

ED HALL
CRUST
PAIN TEENS
SUGAR SHACK
LITHIUM X-MAS
ST–37

FRI., MARCH 22 – RITZ

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